THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 4, 1804.

MEMOIRS *of* GENERAL MOREAU.

(Continued from Page 429.)

IN the autumn, 1793, Moreau became acquainted with General Pichegru, who was then commander in chief of the army of the Rhine. Moreau belonged to the army of the Moſelle; but duridg the winter campaign, theſe armies often acted and fought together, and Pichegru had an opportunity of obſerving his judgment, talents, and courage, which wanted only the guidance of a friend, as able as willing, to make them noticed, rewarded, and illuſtrious. This friend Moreau found in Pichegru, who, when he, in February, 1794, was appointed to the command of the army of the north, cauſed Moreau to be nominated a general of one of the diviſions in that army.

Moreau, before he had gained Pichegru's friendſhip, was certainly a very clever and good officer, but no general; he might command a battalion or a diviſion, but he could not pretend, with any proſpect of advantage, or any hope of honour, to be a commander in chief of an army. The friendſhip of Pichegru, which no mean jealouſy or baſe envy could alter or leſſen, made Moreau in three months what he is—one of the firſt generals in Europe.

Moreau diſtinguiſhed himſelf highly on the 26th and 30th of April, 1794, when he took Menin; in June, before Ypres, which he forced to ſurrender on the 17th; and before Bruges, where he entered the 29th. On July 1ſt, he took Oſtend; and on the 18th, Nieuport, which was garriſoned by Hanoverians, and by emigrants.

On the 28th of July, General Moreau executed one of the boldeſt enterprizes which diſtinguiſhed the campaign. Having

reſolved to beſiege Sluys, it became neceſſary to gain poſſeſſion of the iſland of Cadſand, at which there was no way of arriving but by a cauſeway, inundated on both ſides, and commanded by fourteen pieces of cannon, or by throwing a bridge over the ſtrait of Coſchiſche, which he could not effect for want of pontoons. He had no reſource but a few boats, in which ſome of the troops paſſed, while others ſwam acroſs; and forming in the face of a ſuperior force, and of numerous batteries, captured the iſland, with ninety pieces of cannon, a great quantity of ammunition and proviſions, and two hundred priſoners.

In December, 1795, Moreau ordered the blockade of Luxemburgh; and after conſulting with Pichegru, he ſent a plan of defence for Holland to the Dutch generals, Daendels and Dumonceaux, and to the Batavian committee, with orders to put it into execution within eight days. This is the ſame plan which, during theſe laſt ſeven years, has been followed by all the French commanders in Holland, and to which the ignorant General Brune owed the advantages he gained there in the winter, 1799.

Diſguſted with the tyrannical and impolitic conduct of the directory, Pichegru, early in the ſpring, 1796, reſigned the command of the army of the Rhine and of the Moſelle, and he again perſuaded Carnot to nominate Moreau in his place. This general was not a much greater favourite with the directory than he had been with the national convention and its committee of public ſafety, becauſe the directorial, as well as the conventional jacobins, never forgave a man whom they had offended. Pichegru had, therefore, great difficulty to convince Carnot and Barras, that in ſerving his friend, he only ſerved his country, and in ſerving his country he ſerved the directory.

The armies of the Rhine and of the Moſelle, of the Sambre, and of the Meuſe, were now enabled to co-operate; the different princes of Franconia and Suabia were obliged to ſue for peace; and Moreau's orders were obeyed from the banks of the Rhine nearly to the gates of Munich.

On the 8th and 10th of Auguſt, two of his diviſions met with ſome checks; and on the 11th, the Archduke Charles reſolved to try once more the fate of a battle; attacked Moreau on his whole line; and, defeating his advanced guard, forced his right wing to retreat to Heydenheim: but Deſaix, who commanded the left wing, with his uſual courage and talents, overcame the enemy every where; whilſt Moreau, at the ſame time, retrieved with the reſerve the loſſes of the right wing. At laſt, after a battle of ſeventeen hours, both armies remained in preſence of each other, both believing themſelves defeated. The Archduke finding, however, that whether he conquered or was defeated, he ſhould be obliged to fall back to the banks of the Danube, and the town of Donauwert, began his retreat by ordering his army

to

to defcend the Danube; and Moreau took a victorious attitude, although he had obtained no victory.

This well-fought battle difconcerted the projects of Moreau; for his referve of artillery and ftores having been obliged to fly to a confiderable diftance, he could not harrafs the retreat of the Auftrians towards Donauwert; and this check firft interrupted the grand project which had been founded on the fuccefs attending the armies in Germany and Italy, for effecting a junction of both, and pouring with irrefiftible force into the hereditary ftates of the emperor.

The archduke receiving daily reinforcements, which diminifhed the difparity between him and his opponents, conceived the bold project of leaving a fmall number to keep Moreau in check, while with the remainder he fell on Jourdan, and overwhelmed him with fuperior numbers. Such a plan was certainly replete with danger; and has by Moreau, even in his difpatches, been mentioned with the higheft applaufe, "as worthy the genius of the young Auftrian general to conceive, and his valour to execute."

The Auftrian light troops difplayed the moft fuccefsful vigilance in intercepting all couriers; and at length Moreau, very ill informed of Jourdan's fituation, fent, on the 10th of September, a large corps of cavalry, drawn from his left wing, acrofs the Danube, and, on the enfuing day, quitted his own pofition on the Ifer, for the purpofe of fupporting or following this column. While executing this bold manœuvre, he was attacked near Munich, by Prince Furftenberg, and General Froelich, who defeated his rear guard. The divifion which had paffed the river on the preceding day, reached Aichftedt, where it levied contributions, and threw Franconia into great alarm for the fate of the archduke; but General La Tour inftantly commenced a purfuit of Moreau, while General Nauendorf, paffing the Danube below Neuburg, overtook Defaix, whom Moreau had recalled, and defeated his rear-guard.

General Jourdan had about this time been fo completely routed by the archduke, that his army was in the moft confufed and irregular retreat; and the diforderly conduct of the army of the Sambre and Meufe, placed that of the Rhine and the Mofelle in a very critical pofition; for all the conquefts of Moreau were now become ufelefs in confequence of the defeat of Jourdan. The former, after conducting his victorious troops from the banks of the Rhine to thofe of the Danube and Iſer, and proving fuccefsful in no lefs than five pitched battles, as well as a multitude of fkirmifhes, was now obliged to commence his juftly celebrated retreat.

French generals have more difficulty to keep their troops in fpirits and order, in a retreat, than to lead them on with alacrity, even to the moft dangerous attack. On the offenfive, the

French act at all times with courage and vigour; but on the defenſive, oftentimes with dread, inquietude, and cowardice; and it demands, therefore, more real judgment, talents, and patience, to make an orderly retreat with a French army, than to defeat with it the braveſt enemy, or to ſtorm the ſtrongeſt poſitions, and the beſt fortified camps and places. With the exception of Marſhal Belleiſle, in his famous retreat from Prague, no other French general had, before Moreau, been able to keep order, obedience, and regularity in, and to defeat a purſuing enemy by a retreating French army.

After every arrangement was made to enſure a ſafe and honourable retreat, Moreau ordered a proclamation to be read at the head of every battalion, in which it was ſtated, "that the commander in chief expected every thing from his ſoldiers, and was conſcious that the momentary ſucceſs of the enemy in another quarter, and the meaſures he was obliged to purſue in conſequence of that event, would not diminiſh any of the energy and valour ſo often diſplayed by this army." He added, "that the moment would ſoon arrive when they ſhould have an opportunity of earning new laurels; and, in the mean time, he hoped that the ſignal for combat would alſo be the ſignal for victory."

Moreau now divided his army into two bodies, and marched ſuddenly through Munderkingen, Neudlingen, and Palengen, to attack the generals Nauendorf and Petraſch, who were forced to abandon their reſpective poſitions: ſo terrible was this commander, even in the moment of retreat, that he took no leſs than ſeven thouſand priſoners in theſe different actions.

This noble retreat of Moreau, in 1796, was of more radical uſe and advantage to France, than all Bonaparte's victories in Italy the ſame year; becauſe, had Moreau not ſhewed a greater military genius, and a genius more fertile in reſources and expedients than Jourdan, the army of the Rhine and the Moſelle muſt have been in the ſame diſbanded ſtate as the army of the Sambre and the Meuſe; and inſtead of its being able to ſend reinforcements to Bonaparte, in Italy, the Auſtrians would probably have been in a ſituation to aſſiſt General Wurmſer, blockaded at Mantua, and Italy might as eaſily have been conquered in 1797, as loſt in 1796.

German and French writers have compared Moreau's retreat to that of Xenophon amongſt the ancients, and of Belleiſle amongſt the moderns; but it undoubtedly ſurpaſſed the latter, and more than equalled the former. Belleiſle owed the luſtre of his retreat to ſome marches which he ſtole upon the enemy, and Xenophon retreated with his Greeks through the territories of a cowardly and effeminate people; while Moreau traverſed a country inhabited by one of the moſt warlike nations in the univerſe;

univerſe; and neither Xenophon nor Belleiſle blended the laurels of victory with the cypreſs of retreat.

(To be continued.)

An Account of the Journey of Louis XVI. King of France, with the Royal Family, from Paris to Varennes, and of their Return to the Capital, in June, 1791; drawn up from the Informations of one of the King's Body-Guards, by John Dougall.

(Continued from Page 425.)

IT was three quarters of an hour paſt twelve, or, at moſt, one in the morning of Tueſday the 22d of June, when the carriage left the gate of St. Martin, at Paris. The journey from thence to Varennes, a diſtance of ſixty leagues of poſt, (or about one hundred and fifty Engliſh miles,) was performed between the time juſt mentioned, and a quarter, or perhaps half an hour, paſt ten o'clock at night; that is, in twenty-one hours and a half.

They travelled without any remarkable interruption or delay, excepting that at a poſt-houſe beyond Chalons, when they were on the point of ſetting off, the two foremoſt horſes at once fell down, with the driver under his horſe, an accident inſtantaneous and unaccountable: and when they had been raiſed, and were again ready to move, the whole number of horſes in the carriage came all together to the ground, with the drivers, in a moſt extraordinary way.

M. de Mouſtier, who had both times releaſed the drivers from their dangerous ſituation, complained of the horſes; but he was aſſured by the people of the poſt-houſe, that theſe were the beſt in the ſtables, as in fact they appeared to be; and that, by their ſpeed on the road, the delay now occaſioned would be amply compenſated.

Theſe ſame horſes afterwards went on ſo well, being almoſt conſtantly on a canter, that, upon the whole, no time ſeemed to be loſt in this ſtage, in which the carriage went faſter than on any other of the whole journey.*

That the royal family might avoid every cauſe of delay on the road, they had taken with them in the carriage a piece of cold veal, which they cut, and laid on a ſlice of bread, and ate, as is done by ſportſmen and travellers in France, who wiſh to ſave

* During the whole way to Varennes the carriage was drawn by ſix horſes, and had no more even on the return to Paris, notwithſtanding the crowd of national guards with whom it was literally covered.

ſave the time and expence of eating at an inn. They had alſo one bottle of mild Champaign *(vin de Champagne non mouſſeux,)* together with ſix bottles of water. This was the whole beverage of the whole family all the way from Paris to Varennes.†

Thrice only on the whole journey did his majeſty alight from the carriage; twice only for the ſhort time employed in changing horſes; and this he did principally to give his family a little relief from their crowded ſituation; and the third time when the carriage came to go down a hill ſo ſteep, that the poſtillions were obliged to lock the wheels with the chain. The dauphin and the princeſs royal took the ſame opportunity to ſtretch their limbs, cramped with the confinement of the carriage.

On the laſt of theſe occaſions, when he had one foot on the ſteps to enter the coach, which was ſurrounded and beſet with beggars, ſeemingly in the greateſt diſtreſs, he laid his hand on M. de Mouſtier's arm, who had turned himſelf ſo as to prevent the king from being narrowly examined, and with tears in his eyes, deſired M. de Mouſtier not to take ſo much trouble, adding, that ſuch precautions were no longer neceſſary, as no danger of diſcovery was now to be apprehended. He ſaid, at the ſame time, that he could not, without the moſt lively ſorrow, behold the wretched ſtate of the people around them, nor anticipate the miſery that muſt be their lot, ſhould no favourable change in public affairs take place.—" Alas! (cried that feeling prince,) how my poor people are deceived! My own ſufferings would be nothing to me, could they become the means of procuring the happineſs of the French nation."

On the firſt occaſion of his quitting the carriage, the king ſaid to M. de Mouſtier, " I am ſo unfortunate that I cannot perſuade myſelf that my journey will be proſperous. Happen, however, what may, I ſhall have only done my duty, in ſhewing to all the world,

† Very different from this is the account ſo often and ſo confidently circulated by deſigning and evil-intentioned perſons in France. Being ſenſible that, in order to ſucceed in their atrocious ſchemes, it was neceſſary to render the unfortunate Louis the object of the contempt, and even of the abhorrence, of an uninformed and deluded multitude, theſe perſons ceaſed not to propagate the moſt ſcandalous, as well as groundleſs calumnies, againſt their devoted ſovereign. In particular, they aſſerted, and it has been but too generally believed, that had the king been leſs addicted to the pleaſures of the table, his journey would not have been interrupted, nor his perſon recognized.

M. de Mouſtier has had the grief to hear ſimilar aſſertions from the mouths of perſons otherwiſe worthy of regard; and even of ſome who, in foreign lands, were the ſuffering victims of their zeal for the cauſe of the very monarch whoſe character they ſo unjuſtly, but unthinkingly, aſperſed. He does in the moſt ſolemn manner declare, that the account here given is moſt ſtrictly correct.

world, by this attempt to withdraw from my oppreſſors, the thraldom in which I have hitherto been held. Let no one in future allege, that he has been deceived or miſled by me, through any thing that I may do, as has been but too long the caſe during my cruel captivity."†

The confidence, or rather the hopes, of meeting with no interruption on the journey, began to decay when the carriage reached St. Ménéhoud, where, while the horſes were changing, the commanding officer of a detachment of dragoons quartered in the town, paſſing cloſe by M. de Mouſtier, but without ſtopping, and rather affecting to turn his head another way, ſaid to him, in a way not to be overheard by the ſurrounding people, "Make haſte, and begone; if you do not ſet off inſtantly you are undone." This the officer ſaid, although he ſaw M. de Mouſtier with his own hands aſſiſting to put the horſes to the carriage with the utmoſt diſpatch.

Soon after the king had left St. Ménéhoud, this party of dragoons was ſurrounded and diſarmed by the national guards of the place.

The royal family at laſt arrived at Clermont en Argone, where lay monſieur's regiment of dragoons, commanded by M. de Damas.

One of the officers came up to M. de Mouſtier, and ſaid, "Comrade, ſhall I order a party to mount and attend you?" M. de Mouſtier declined accepting the offer, as it might have occaſioned ſome ſuſpicion of the rank of the travellers; ſaying to the officer, that he muſt ſurely be in a miſtake reſpecting them, for that they were not accuſtomed to travel with ſuch attendants.

The officer, either from prudence, or that he feared he had been too raſh, replied only that it might be dangerous for perſons of diſtinction to travel through the woods in the night.

M. de Mouſtier thanked him for his attention, adding, that perſons who travelled as they did, always took care to be prepared againſt highwaymen, or whatever other inconveniences they could expect to encounter.

When the carriage had left Clermont, M. de Damas ordered his regiment to mount and march; but inſtead of obeying, the men ſet up the cry of *Vive la Nation!** and M. de Damas contrived,

† The ſame ſentiments were more fully expreſſed in the declaration left by his majeſty on the chimney-piece in the Thuilleries, and afterwards made public.

* This extraordinary behaviour of the dragoons, added to the conduct of the drivers, who even on the beſt road, between Clermont and Varennes, could never be prevailed on to proceed but extremely ſlow, in general walking their horſes, may ſerve to open the eyes of the world reſpecting the ſcheme laid for interrupting his majeſty's journey.

contrived, though with much difficulty, and after being ſeverely threatened by them, to make his eſcape out of their hands, and repaired to the king, who was, by this time arrived at Varennes, whither the Duke de Choiſeul had alſo repaired.

The carriage entered Varennes at a quarter, or perhaps half an hour, paſt ten o'clock at night; an hour when the inhabitants of that place ought all naturally to have gone to bed.

Here horſes were expected to convey the royal family to Stenay.

M. de Bouillé, ſon of the celebrated general, the Marquis de Bouillé, and M. de Goguelas, were already at Varennes; but unfortunately they were poſted at the farther extremity of the town, beyond the bridge, over a ſmall river that runs by it. This bridge was afterwards found to be blocked up by three waggons, loaded with timber overturned on it. Four pieces of cannon were alſo planted at the gate of the place. Theſe, however, could not have occaſioned much hindrance to the journey, as the people could not have made uſe of them without endangering their friends as much as the royal family.

The night was extremely dark, and from the hour, and the profound ſilence of the place, the inhabitants were ſuppoſed to be all at reſt.

As the horſes expected from Stenay did not appear, it was propoſed to the drivers to go on another ſtage; but this they poſitively refuſed to do, pretending that they did not know the road. Nothing, therefore, could induce them to proceed; not even the promiſe of fifty louis-d'or, made to them by M. de Malden.

In this dilemma, the king directed M. de Mouſtier to enquire for the road at a houſe on the right hand of the ſtreet, nearly oppoſite the carriage, and where, only, any light had been obſerved.

The door, which ſtood open, was ſhut as ſoon as M. de Mouſtier approached it; but when he preſſed ſtrongly againſt it, it was again opened, and a gentleman within, in a night-gown, aſked him, in a firm voice, what he wanted.

"I only came (ſaid M. de Mouſtier,) to beg you to inform me which is the road from this place to Stenay?"

"I would do it (ſaid the gentleman,) moſt readily; but if it came to be known to the public that I had done ſo, I ſhould be ruined."

"What, Sir! (replied M. de Mouſtier,) a lady on a journey finds herſelf overtaken by the night, and is an utter ſtranger to the country: you are ſurely too well bred to refuſe to point out her road?"

"No, Sir, (ſaid the gentleman again,) this is no lady: we know who the travellers are."

On this M. de Mouſtier returned to the carriage, and recounted what had paſſed to his majeſty, who ſent him back to deſire the gentleman to come to the carriage.

M. de Mouſtier went, and told him that his *miſtreſs* begged he would come out to her, to which the gentleman agreed, and putting off his ſhoes, leſt his ſteps ſhould be remarked, went to the coach, where he converſed ſome time with the king; and then conducted M. de Mouſtier to the lodgings of the commanding officer of the huſſars of Lauzan, walking all the way without his ſhoes, and inſiſting on abſolute ſecrecy from M. de Mouſtier.

The commandant's lodgings were near, but he was not to be found. They only met with one of the huſſars, who had been ordered, he ſaid, to carry the officer's portmanteau to him, if he did not come home, between twelve and one in the morning.

(To be continued.)

Sketch of the Life of the brave, amiable, but unfortunate Duc D'Enghien.

LOUIS Anthony Henry de Bourbon, duke of Enghien, was born on the 2d of Auguſt, 1772. He was educated in France till the year 1789. He emigrated with his father and grandfather, on the 16th of July, that year.

In the campaign of 1792, he ſerved in the ſmall army under the command of his father, the duke of Bourbon. In 1793, both the dukes of Enghein and Bourbon were in the army of the prince of Conde. In the engagements of the 20th of Auguſt, the 12th of September, the 13th of October, and the 2d of December, the duke of Enghien particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf. In this campaign, cool intrepidity and ready preſence of mind are ſaid to have marked his conduct upon thoſe occaſions, to a degree that appeared very extraordinary for ſo young a man. At Bernſtheim, on the 2d of December, after his father was obliged, by a wound, to withdraw from the action, the duke, perceiving that the enemy's cavalry were rallying within two hundred paces of the poſt which he occupied, made a ſudden attack upon them, at the head of a diviſion of emigrant cavalry; diſperſed them; took with his own hand one of the cannon; and, in the face of the whole army, returned in triumph. His clothes were, in the action, twice pierced with the bayonet; but his perſon remained unhurt.

After the action was over, he endeared himſelf exceedingly to the whole emigrant army, by his tender ſolicitude in regard to the duke of Bourbon's wound, and by his attentions to the wants and ſufferings even of the meaneſt ſoldiers. Thoſe per-

ſons of the republican army who were made priſoners, expected inſtant maſſacre by the emigrants, in revenge for the cruelties to which the royaliſts were then expoſed in France. To their ſurpriſe, the prince of Conde directed the ſame care to be taken of ſuch as were wounded among them as of his own ſoldiers. They were all treated with the greateſt humanity; and the duke of Enghien, with amiable eagerneſs of compaſſion, took an active ſhare in his grandfather's heroic beneficence.

That campaign ended on the 25th of December. In the winter he was, ſome time, dangerouſly ill: all the affections of the emigrants were in the greateſt alarm and anxiety till he recovered.

In the beginning of the campaign of 1794, he had the honour to be created a knight of the order of St. Louis.

In 1795, he ſerved among the emigrants under the prince of Conde, acting as an army of obſervation on the Rhine. In the month of July that year, he was, for the firſt time, parted from his father, whom he never afterwards ſaw.

In 1796, the prince of Conde entruſted to his grandſon the command of the vanguard of his army. On the 24th, the 25th, and the 27th of June, the duke of Enghien made, in this command, a very gallant oppoſition to the paſſage of the republican army. During the next fifteen days, he was engaged in a ſucceſſion of ſkirmiſhes; and, amidſt the fatigues and vexations of unavoidable retreat, the part which he, in circumſtances of ſuch difficulty, acted, was admired by all the commanders, French and Auſtrian.

On the 13th of Auguſt, with ſabre in hand, and at the head of his ſmall heroic band, he broke through the ranks of the enemy, who had endeavoured, by ſome ſtratagems, to ſurround and overpower them. He had a great and honourable ſhare in the achievements by which the enemy were in the ſubſequent months of September and October, driven back from the Schwartz, or Black Mountains, to the plain of Friburg. On the 24th of October, after a ſharp action, he ſucceeded in driving about fifteen hundred of the republicans from the village of Stainſhadt, in which they were advantageouſly poſted.

The campaign of 1797 was interrupted by the treaty of Leoben. The duke of Enghien took that opportunity to viſit Switzerland. He made the journey on foot, examined the various curioſities of that country, aſcended its loftieſt ice-covered mountains, and, by his intrepidity and gaiety, by the lightneſs and by the activity of his motions, aſtoniſhed and ſurpriſed all his guides.

In the month of October, that year, he received orders to conduct the troops, which had been partly under his command, to Ruſſian Poland. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his taſk by his attention to prevent diſorders, and his care for the ſupply of the

wants

wants of his faithful followers. During his reſidence in Volhynia, he formed, at the command of the Emperor Paul, the remains of ſeveral broken corps of cavalry into an excellent regiment of dragoons.

He returned to ſerve, on the banks of the Rhine, in the year 1799. The hopes of that campaign were ſoon after fruſtrated, in the fatal battle of Zurich; yet the duke of Enghien and his emigrants deſerved and obtained the praiſes of General Suwarrow. Even amidſt the misfortunes of 1800, this young prince continued ſtill to add to his military reputation. His career in arms was terminated by the preliminaries of peace, ſigned on the 25th of December, 1800. His ſeparation from his ſoldiers, when they were neceſſarily diſbanded, was mutually painful to him, who loved them as his brethren in arms and in misfortune; and to them, who in a manner adored him.

In 1801, he retired to Ettenheim. There he paſſed his life in quiet retirement, till the 25th of March laſt. The amuſements of polite literature, hunting, and the culture of his garden, there occupied moſt of his time. The reſt is known. He was ſeized, in violation of the rights of a prince within whoſe territories he had his reſidence; conveyed firſt to Straſburgh, and thence to Vincennes: condemned by a mock trial, and then barbarouſly ſhot, in contempt of every law but that of the ſtrongeſt.—His laſt words were, "Mon Dieu, ſauvez le roi, et delivrez ma patrie du joug des etrangeres!"

The following is a copy of the prince of Conde's letter, conveying his thanks to the emigrants for the public expreſſion of their concern at the murder of the Duc D'Enghien:

"*Wanſtead-Houſe, April* 27, 1804.

"The exceſs of our grief, Sir, has not prevented my ſon and me from feeling, as we ought, the generous intereſt which all the faithful emigrants have taken in the great loſs we have recently ſuſtained. We feel it as much our duty, as it is our anxious wiſh, to make known to them our entire gratitude. The number of thoſe worthy perſons to whom our thanks are due, being too great to permit us to addreſs ourſelves to each in particular, we have requeſted the miniſter of the king, who is the head of the Bourbons, to expreſs, as perfectly as it is poſſible, to thoſe emigrants ſo worthy of the cauſe they ſupport, how ſenſible we are of the generous and diſtinguiſhed manner in which they have mingled their regret with our's in the auguſt and mournful ceremony of yeſterday.* We therefore beſeech you, Sir, in concert with ———, to be the interpreter of our juſt and lively gratitude, which will never be extinguiſhed in our hearts but

* The ſolemn maſs at St. Patrick's chapel.

with our breath, which will terminate at once our ſufferings and our unfortunate race.

"We owe to you, Sir, our particular thanks for your care of the ceremony of yeſterday; and we beg you to reſt aſſured of our gratitude, and of the ſentiments of perfect eſteem and ſincere friendſhip for you, with which we have long been penetrated. (Signed)

"LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON."

Some Account of the Bird of Paradiſe of New South Wales.

[From Barrington's Hiſtory of New South Wales.]

THIS elegant bird, which by ſome is called the bird of paradiſe, and by others the mænura ſuperba, has a ſtraight bill, with the noſtrils in the centre of the beak. The baſe of the upper mandible has hairs like feathers, inclining downwards; the upper mandible is, at the baſe, much like that of a pigeon. The eye is a dark hazle, with a bare ſpace round it of a blue caſt. The chin, and a ſmall part of the throat, are of a dark ruſſet colour. The reſt, with the body, of a blackiſh grey. The rump feathers are longer than thoſe of the body, and more divided. The colour of the wings is dark rufus. The legs and claws are large in proportion to the bird. The outward toe is connected with that in the middle, as far as the firſt joint. The tail is long, and compoſed of three ſorts of feathers, of which the upper ſide is of a dark grey, with ferruginous ſpots. The firſt two lower feathers, which are curved in two directions, are beneath of a pearl colour, with ſeveral creſted-ſhaped ſpaces of a rich red and black colour; the laminæ are unwebbed, rounded towards the extremity, ornamented with a black bar, and fringed at the end. The ſhaft of the ſecond, alſo long, is fringed with hair-like filaments; and the third, which is long and curved, is plumed on the inner ſide only, except at the extremity.

The female differs little from the male, except in the tail, which is formed of twelve feathers, a little curved and plumed, having the upper ſide dark rufus and grey, and the under of a pearl colour.

Theſe birds frequent the moſt retired parts of the country, and have been ſeen running very faſt; but their cumbrous tails prevent them from being able to fly in a direct line. They ſing for two hours in the morning, beginning when they quit the valley, till they attain the ſummit of the hill, where they ſcrape together a ſmall hillock; on this they ſtand, with their tails ſpread over them, and in this ſituation they imitate the note of every bird in the country, and then they return to the valley.

On

On PAINTED GLASS.

THE obſervation of Mr. Edmund Chiſhull, chaplain to the Engliſh factory at Smyrna, is very ingenious with relation to the art of ſtaining glaſs: in his Travels in Turkey, p. 6, he obſerves this art was revived in that country in this manner:

"It ſeemed ſtrange to us to obſerve ſeveral pieces of painted glaſs in the windows of our Effendi's Houſe, inſcribed in Turkiſh characters with the name of the proprietor, together with ſome religious ſentences of Mahometan devotion: but we were much more ſurpriſed, when we were informed that it was the manufacture of this place (Magneſia), for it is ſtained with a beautiful as well as durable colour, and comes up to the perfection of the beſt we have ſeen in England. This gave us occaſion to reflect on the different fortune of arts and ſciences, which, like men, ſeem to take delight in ſhifting their ſtation; for while other arts have now left theſe places, and travelled weſtward, this alone, in exchange for all the reſt, ſeems to have retired into this, and is deplored as loſt in Chriſtendom." Soon after, p. 8, he ſays, that "the windows of their moſques are furniſhed with excellent painted glaſs, full of flower-work and religious inſcriptions." But as their religion forbids making repreſentations of men, ſo by that injunction the chief beauty of that art is of no benefit to them; inaſmuch as it deprives them of the uſe of hiſtory painting, the moſt excellent of all in that art.

Thoughts on a Happy Life, and wherein it conſiſts.

THERE is not any thing in this world, perhaps, that is more talked of, and leſs underſtood, than the buſineſs of a happy life. It is every man's wiſh and deſign, and yet not one of a thouſand that knows wherein that happineſs conſiſts. We live, however, in a blind and eager purſuit of it, and the more haſte we make in a wrong way, the farther we are from our journey's end. Let us, therefore, firſt conſider what it is we would be at; and ſecondly, which is the readieſt way to compaſs it. If we be right, we ſhall find every day how much we improve; but if we either follow the cry, or the track of the people that are out of the way, we muſt expect to be miſled, and to continue our days in wandering and error. Wherefore it highly concerns us to take along with us a ſkilful guide; for it is not in this, as in other voyages, where the highway brings us to our place of repoſe, or, if a man ſhould happen to be out, where the inhabitants might ſet him right again; but, on the contrary, the beaten road is here the moſt dangerous, and the people, inſtead of helping us, miſguide us. Let us not therefore follow like beaſts, but rather govern ourſelves by reaſon than by example.

It

It fares with us in human life as in a routed army, one ſtumbles firſt, and then another falls upon him, and ſo they follow, one upon the neck of another, until the whole field comes to be but one heap of miſcarriages. And the miſchief is, that the number of the multitude carries it againſt truth and juſtice, ſo that we muſt leave the croud if we would be happy; for the queſtion of a happy life is not to be decided by vote: nay, ſo far from it, that plurality of voices is ſtill an argument of the wrong; the common people find it eaſier to believe than to judge, and content themſelves with what is uſual, never examining whether it be good or no. By the common people is intended the man of title as well as the clouted ſhoe; for I do not diſtinguiſh them by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. Worldly felicity, I know, makes the head giddy; but if ever a man comes to himſelf again, he will confeſs, that whatſoever he has done he wiſhes undone, and that the things he feared were better than thoſe he prayed for.

The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations, to underſtand our duties toward God and man, to enjoy the preſent, without any anxious dependence upon the future. Not to amuſe ourſelves with either hopes or fears, but to reſt ſatisfied with what we have, which is abundantly ſufficient; for he that is ſo wants nothing. The great bleſſings of mankind are within us, and within our reach, but we ſhut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we ſearch for without finding it. Tranquillity is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of fortune can either exalt or depreſs. Nothing can make it leſs, for it is the ſtate of human perfection; it raiſes us as high as we can go, and makes every man his own ſupporter; whereas he that is borne up by any thing elſe may fall. He that judges right, and perſeveres in it, enjoys a perpetual calm: he takes a true proſpect of things; he obſerves an order, meaſure, a decorum in all his actions; he has a benevolence in his nature; he ſquares his life according to reaſon, and draws to himſelf love and admiration. Without a certain and unchangeable judgement, all the reſt is but fluctuation; but he that always wills and nills the ſame things, is undoubtedly in the right.

Liberty and ſerenity of mind muſt neceſſarily enſue upon the maſtering of thoſe things which either allure or affright us, when, inſtead of thoſe flaſhy pleaſures (which, even at the beſt, are both vain and hurtful together), we ſhall find ourſelves poſſeſſed of joys tranſporting and everlaſting. It muſt be a ſound mind that makes a happy man; there muſt be a conſtancy in all conditions; a care for the things of this world, but without trouble; and ſuch an indifferency for the bounties of fortune, that either with them, or without them, we may live contentedly. There muſt be neither lamentation, nor quarrelling, nor

ſloth, nor fear, for it makes a diſcord in a man's life. He that fears, ſerves.

The joy of a wiſe man ſtands firm without interruption, in all places, at all times, and in all conditions, his thoughts are chearful and quiet. As it never came into him from without, ſo it will never leave him; but is born within him, and inſeparable from him. It is a ſolicitous life that is egged on with the hope of any thing, though never ſo open and eaſy, nay, though a man ſhould never ſuffer any ſort of diſappointment. I do not ſpeak of this either as a bar to the fair enjoyment of lawful pleaſures, or to the gentle flatteries of reaſonable expectations; but on the contrary, I would have men to be always in good humour, provided that it ariſes from their own ſouls, and be cheriſhed in their own breaſts. Other delights are trivial; they may ſmooth their brow, but they do not fill and affect the heart.

True joy is a ſerene and ſober motion; and they are miſerably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the ſeat of it is within, and there is no chearfulneſs like the reſolution of a brave mind, that has fortune under its feet. He that can look death in the face, and bid it welcome, open his door to poverty, and bridle his appetites, this is the man whom providence has eſtabliſhed in the poſſeſſion of inviolable delights. The pleaſures of the vulgar are ungrounded, thin, and ſuperficial; but the others are ſolid and eternal. As the body itſelf is rather a neceſſary thing than a great, ſo the comforts of it are but temporary and vain; beſide, that without extraordinary moderation, their end is only pain and repentance. Whereas a peaceful conſcience, honeſt thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for caſual events, are bleſſings without end, ſatiety, or meaſure.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

FIDELIO is poſſeſſed of a good ſhare of ſenſe. His temper is mild and obliging. He appears formed for the ſweets of domeſtic life. He likes retirement, and therefore keeps at home, unleſs ſomething of importance calls him abroad. He is punctual to all his engagements, and therefore bears the character of a man of integrity. He is ſtrictly religious, but not enthuſiaſtic. He is bleſſed with a beloved partner, and riſing offſpring. Conſtantia is amiable in her manners, and does all in her power to make Fidelio happy. She loved him, or elſe ſhe would never have given him her hand. Eſteem was the foundation of their attachment, and the longer they live together the more they love each other. Fidelio only looks, and Conſtantia is all obedience. He intimates his pleaſure, and the leaſt reluctance to comply with it is not diſcovered.

Home

Home is always agreeable, and Conſtantia ſees all the world in her beloved partner. She is afraid at times of loſing him. Any indiſpoſition, therefore, alarms her. Her happineſs is ſo far centered in him, that ſhe is ſenſible that ſhe would be wretched all her days without him. He talks at times of going to the Weſt Indies, as he has ſome important buſineſs to tranſact; ſhe readily conſents to accompany him, for ſhe knows that nothing but death ought to part them. No difficulties from the ſea can therefore prevent her from accompanying him to the moſt diſtant parts of the earth. Fidelio was once reduced in his circumſtances, but Conſtantia loved him as much as ever. She conſoled him in his misfortunes, and was willing to go to priſon with him. In proſperity ſhe is not elated, nor does ſhe aim at the pride of life; ſhe is decent in her dreſs, but not extravagant; generous, but not profuſe.

Providence has bleſſed this happy pair with children, who are pledges of their love. Conſtantia teaches "the young idea how to ſhoot." She ſets before their eyes the beſt examples, and therefore hears them read of the moſt virtuous characters in life. Piety, free from oſtentation, is predominant in her general deportment. She ſpends the morning in devotional exerciſes, and walks in the open air for her health, and therefore riſes early, at the hour of prime, "to mark how ſpring the tented plants, how blow the citron grove, what drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed; how nature paints her colours, how the bee ſits on the bloom, extracting liquid ſweet."

May we not conclude, that ſuch an happy pair, after they have parted from each other by death, will meet in Heaven to part no more? and that if all who are married were of the ſame diſpoſition, each houſe would be the temple of concord, and anticipate the manſions of bleſſedneſs? How needful is it, therefore, that all who enter into the ſacred bands of connubial engagements, would ſeriouſly conſider the requiſites for happineſs in the marriage ſtate; for this is the way to prevent miſery, and to enſure themſelves permanent comfort. Parents and guardians, likewiſe, ſhould be cautious how intereſt and partiality blind them in the diſpoſal of their truſt, as they will certainly anſwer for their conduct another day. Thoſe who are united in the moſt ſacred of all ties, ought to do all in their power to make each other happy, and conſider in every thing they ſay what may be agreeable, that by their words and actions they may promote their preſent and future welfare.

The happineſs of ſociety in general depends moſt materially on the good conduct of perſons in the married life, for when they diſcharge properly their reſpective duties, the good effects of it are felt by all with whom they have any connection.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* AFFECTIONS.

HOW miſerable would human life be, if our kind Creator had not given us thoſe fine feelings of the ſoul, which diſtinguiſh us from the beaſts that periſh! He has endowed us with diſpoſitions which are very little inferior to thoſe of angels. We perceive, even in children, attachments formed which are matured in future life, and produce all the ſocial virtues which adorn mankind, and embelliſh human nature. In proportion as our years increaſe, we feel that averſion to certain characters, which makes us very cautious of their acquaintance, and prefer even the dreary abodes of ſolitude to the ſplendid buildings of the voluptuous.

We feel thoſe pleaſures which dignify the ſoul, and can commiſerate the wretched, when we permit the affections to expand themſelves, which are ſources of the greateſt felicity. In every relation of life they are of the greateſt ſervice. Friendſhip would be but a name, if they did not aid her in taſting thoſe ſweets which ſhe confers only on her favourites.

ACCOUNT *of a celebrated* HORSE.

THE Berlin Gazette contains the following notice of the death of a very diſtinguiſhed animal: "On the night of April 17, 1804, died, of an atrophy, in a good old age of forty years, the favourite horſe of his late majeſty Frederic the Great. It was called Condé, and was kept in the royal veterinary ſchool."

An elegy has already appeared on the death of this favourite of Frederic the Great, which reached an age which that quadruped is ſeldom known to have attained. His memory has alſo been preſerved by drawings and engravings. This famous horſe had been purchaſed in England in 1770. He was always calm during the heavieſt cannonade.

Frederic the Great had become very fond of this animal, who was led out before him every day, when the king was uſed to feed him with ſugar, and, in their ſeaſon, with melons and figs; he would, in return, follow the king into his apartments. One day his majeſty permitted him to enter the ſaloon at Sans Souci, but having injured the fine floor with his hoofs, he was never more admitted. The only hard ſervice which Condé had to perform, was at the Potſdam reviews. Even during the war about the Bavarian ſucceſſion, in 1778, Condé remained at Sans Souci, and was, by the king, given in particular charge to Count Scwerin, the maſter of the mews, who was obliged, from time to time, to report to his maſter the ſtate and condition of his favourite. This was the horſe on which the king made his laſt attempt to ride in July, 1786.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to J. Rouſell's Rebus, inſerted April 9.

THE initials found, they will diſcloſe
A RAZOR doth your whole compoſe.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth.

Anſwer, by T. Rutger, of Clowance, to Primroſe's Rebus, inſerted April 9.

FAM'D ADDISON! to mem'ry ever dear,
Thou'rt gone! yet ſhall th' immortal name,
Soaring above oblivion's caverns drear,
Mounts with thy works to endleſs fame.

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; and A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth.

Anſwer, by R. Mudge, of Aſhburton, to W. Tucker's Rebus, inſerted April 16.

EXPLORE Arabia's deſerts, there you'll find
A CAMEL for the ſervice of mankind.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. Holland, and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; John Whittle, of Upway; A. Kyne, jun of Dartmouth; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; T. Rutger, of Clowance; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; and W. Strong, of Exeter.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth.*

DISCERNING firſt! bright inlet of the day!
By thee we're guided thro' the doubtful way;
Pellucid next! for various uſes form'd,
With thee the palace and the cot's adorn'd:
Eſſential whole! oft us'd by youth and age,
When ſcrutinizing the inſtructive page.

A REBUS, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth.*

FROM yonder grove a tree ſelect,
My firſt it will declare;
And when a vowel you detect,
Affix to it a ſnare:
If Gallic foes attempt to land,
And dare us to the field,
My whole to charge I'll boldly ſtand,
Our king and laws to ſhield.

A REBUS, *by R. Horſey, of Wellington.*

FIRST find a powder much in uſe;
From what it comes you'll then produce;
Thirdly, ſelect a uſeful grain;
Fourthly, a root that eaſes pain;
Laſtly, ye bards! I pray declare
Something that's often in the air:
The initials join, and on my word
You'll ſoon perceive a foreign bird.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

The AIR-BALLOON.

——Quantum eſt in rebus inane?
PERS. Sat. I. v. 1.

WHAT means this unaccuſtom'd noiſe?
Why gaze thoſe crowds of men and boys
Towards the azure ſkies?
Say, can it poſſibly be true,
Such multitudes are met, to view
A *pompous bubble* riſe?

What childiſh playthings mortals find
To captivate the idle mind,
And trifle time away!
How much to folly we incline!
What ignorance of truths divine
Our trivial ſports betray!

To feed our luſts, or gild our name,
Ambitious honour, wealth, and fame
How eagerly we chaſe!
Strange that ſuch *bubbles* ſhould allure,
That ſuch *balloons in miniature*
Should all our thoughts debaſe.

Were *theſe* as large as *this* we note,
And boaſted ſuch another boat,
With equal ſtrength endu'd;
Such crowds would in the air appear,
That *earth*, we might with reaſon fear,
Would be a *ſolitude*.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Lines written on the Sea Shore.

NOT long ago, in penſive mood,
Beſide the ocean's verge I ſtood,
And muſing, with my finger trac'd,
Some figures on the ſandy waſte;
But ſoon the tide, with ſolemn roar,
Caſt forth its billows on the ſhore,
And, ruſhing o'er the lonely ſtrand,
Effac'd the marks, and ſmooth'd the ſand.

Alas! I cried, in this I find
An emblem of my *ſinful mind!*
When fortune frowns, and friends depart,
Grief writes a leſſon on my heart;
And wounded by affliction's rod
I lift my harraſs'd thoughts to God:
But when the tide begins to turn,
Grief's ſoul-alarming truth I ſpurn;
And pleaſure's waves, in quick ſucceſſion,
Soon waſh away the ſlight impreſſion.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

Elegy written at Cliſton, near Briſtol.

THE moon-beam glimmers on the hill,
Slow riſing o'er its gloomy breaſt;
And all around lies mutely ſtill—
All but the ſufferer ſinks to reſt.

O! let not mirth diſturb the hour
That's ſacred to the ſilent tear;
But let ſome wand'ring minſtrel pour
The ſtrain that ſorrow loves to hear!

For now, tho' thoughtleſs joy may ſleep,
I heard the lonely mourners tread;
And many a mother wakes to weep
Her only hope, her comfort, fled!

For here full many a child of love
In pride of beauty's bloom has died;
And here the ſpirits of the grove
O'er many a kindred form have ſigh'd.

Emma, theſe wild-wood rocks among,
Caught the low ſummons of the tomb;
She ſaw its angel glide along,
And heard him whiſper—"Emma, "come."

For here ſhe'd roam at cloſe of day
To view the ſun's departing light;
And ſhe would watch the ſinking ray,
And bleſs the viſionary ſight.

Yet her mild eye would often ſpeak,
That o'er her hung the funeral wreath;
And every ſmile that ſluſh'd her cheek,
Proclaim'd the hidden power of death!

Where reſts thy head, thou loveliеſt maid!
Long ſhall the murmuring willow wave:
And fairy harps, beneath their ſhade,
Shall tune the dirge that charms the grave!

Tranſlation from the Latin of Pontanus.

DAMSEL! fairer than the roſe
That buds when vernal zephyr blows,
And ſwells in crimſon to the view,
When moiſten'd by the morning dew;
Come, mark with me thy emblem flower,
When glows the ſultry noon-tide hour.
Come, ſee how feeble, faint, and dead,
It gently bows its drooping head,
And falls, and withers on the plain,
Damſel! thus brief is beauty's reign:
Paſs ſome few years, and age ſhall trace
His wrinkles in thy fading face:
His touch ſhall dim thy gloſſy hair,
Thy ivory teeth, thy forehead fair.
No ceſtus, bright with gems and gold,
Thy ſwelling breaſts ſhall then enfold;
No crowds of ſuitors then ſhall wait
With garlands trim to deck thy gate;
But dull and dreary o'er thy bow'r
Shall paſs the lonely midnight hour.

Come, then, enjoy the vernal day,
And crop with me the flowers of May;
With ſilent wing time ſpeeds his flight,
And wafts us ſwift to endleſs night!
Come then, my fair, and whilſt we prove
The dear delights of mutual love,
Let glowing Venus beam from far,
Our morning and our evening ſtar.

W. SHEPHERD.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

ADDRESS *to the* CUCKOO.

WELCOME cuckoo, bird of May,
Ever chearful, blithe, and gay;
Welcome to thy native ſwains,
To each verdant mead again.
Long I've with'd to hear thy note
Utter'd from thy pretty throat;
Much I love thy voice to hear,
It foretels the ſummer's near.

Hark! within the rural dell,
How thy notes reſponſive ſwell!
Quivering on the gentle gale,
Paſſing thro' each lovely vale;
Where the fragrant violets ſpring,
And the tuneful warblers ſing;
Who inſpir'd, dear bard! by thee,
Ring the glades with harmony.

Happy bird! thus to enjoy,
Pleaſures that can never cloy;
Thus to revel in the bowers,
'Mong the ſweet luxuriant flowers;
To enjoy the blooming ſpring,
That ſuch pleaſures ſtill doth bring.
Happy! Happy! ſhould I be
Could I taſte thoſe joys like thee.

London, May. J. PASCAL.

SEPARATION.

THO' ſeparation is decreed
Our ſweeteſt pleaſures to impede,
And all our bliſs deſtroy;
We will not think on what is paſt,
Nor let the preſent miſ'ries blaſt
Our hope of future joy.

For hearts were deſtin'd to unite;
And tho' the union ſuffer blight
In this imperfect ſtate,
Futurity will change the ſcene;
There malice ſhall not lurk between,
Nor dark miſtruſts create.

O! 'tis a change I often view,
When fancy paints with brilliant hue,
And colours all divine;
When by imagination's aid,
In ſeas of perfect bliſs I wade,
And call enjoyment mine.

Friendſhip ſhall there not prove a dream,
An uſeleſs or uncertain theme,
For ſhall not all partake?
Yes, there my ſpirit unconfin'd,
Shall dare avow its kindred-mind,
Nor from the bliſs awake!

Ye hours which hinder my repoſe,
Fly faſt, nor multiply my woes
But let me gently glide
O'er the chill waves of death's dark ſtream,
'Till they are loſt in the bright theme
Of joys ſo vaſt and wide.

CLEMENTINA.

A Sonnet, preſented to a Lady with a Lilly of the Valley.

HASTE, faireſt tenant of the vale!
And deck my Delia's breaſt;
Thy ſweeteſt odours there exhale,
Where love and virtue reſt.

But when that heaven on earth you own,
Raiſe not your modeſt head;
Leſt by her matchleſs charms o'erthrown,
You fall a ſapleſs weed.

FIDELIS.

Plymouth-Dock.